

While Dreaming Mexico

I hear a voice in the night, as catastrophe approaches thundering in love's projectile. Chaos whimpers within me, and arriving spring disfigures the vagabond walking on the shore, sketches the child blooming towards the sky, denounces the occult word of boat. The dynamited world floats against a boundary, and the hands of friendship fall in lassitude. A myth magnetized by a funeral oration spreads chloroform across the hours, when eyes dream in a cell, and when the miserably unhappy one stares at the smile of the slavecity. Folly runs toward the feast of speed. I think no longer of the dawn which burns on the old house. An iron-banded tornado pulverizes space, and the pink-thighed young girls dance rondos to metallic rhythms. There are only motors buzzing like a worry and ape-men hurling against the asylum of tenderness. The stars, one by one, fall in the gutter. The eyes ignite the scarlet boulevards. I am an explorer who searches for the graces of new routes. Floods crawl by virgin forests, and the corn fields have the rhythm of the wind. Oh silence of planets, when the last eagle flies toward the fire, and when impatience buries the skeleton of despair. The odor of the islands floats in the ports where the porches become blue and where the robes of young girls sparkle against the shade. The gardens are troubled with legends, and a soft voice sings the sadness of anarchy. A train whistles -- starting for the North, towards the fog of snows and towards the chill of bleary gazes. I throw myself to the combat of time, I leave behind me my diseases, my convulsions, my pieces of dream; and I run to the horizon -- a gold seeker, a prophet, an immortal Pan. Where are the tracks of the indivisible? Oh torture of dance, the miracle of the sun intoxicates the bleeding brows, and a revolution marches towards the light, towards eruption, towards mornings which have forgotten anguish. Dawn summons the storm of parrots in the echo of lunar tragedies. The fables smell of beautiful women burned on the altar of a pyramid. The blaze overtakes the pages of a luminous album, and the symbols wait in ambush for the lost traveller from the inn. I taste the ecstasy of deliverance, and I no longer suffer the loneliness swelling in the dead leaf. The secret lures me to the season's halls. I flee the nocturnal morrows, I summon the cure by glow-worms in the fern of geography by searching for the vengeance and feasts of the magnificent massacre.

-- Eugene Jolas

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-- translated by R. C. Robichaud

Florham Park, N.J.